As well to see the vessell thats come in,
As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine and th'Ayre all blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance. *Enter* Cassio.

Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this Isle,
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt?

Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilote
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold cure *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. A saile, a saile, a saile.

Cas. What noyse?

Mes. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
Stands ranckes of people, and they cry a sayle.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the gouernement.

2 *Gen.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least. *A shot.*

Cas. I pray you sir goe forth
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*

Mon. But good Leiutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame;
One that excells the quirkes of blasoning pens;
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare an excellency:—now, who has put in?
Enter 2 *Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall;
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themselues, high seas, and houling winds,
The gutter'd rockes, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to clog the guiltlesse Keele,

As

As hauing sense of be
Their common natur
The diuine *Desdemon*
Mon. What is sh
Cas. She that I spa
Left in the conduct o
Whose footing heere
A sennights speede—
And swell his saile wi
That he may blesse th
And swiftly come to

Enter Des
Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spir
And bring all *Cyprus*
The riches of the ship
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let
Haile to thee Lady: a
B.fore, behinde thee,
Enwheele thee round.
Des. I thanke you
What tidings can you
Cas. He is not yet
But that hee's well, a
Des. O but I feare

Cas. The great con
Parted our fellowship
2 *Gent.* They giu
This likewise is a frie
Cas. See for the ne
Good Ancient, you a
Let it not gall your p
That I extend my ma
That giues me this bo
Iag. Sir, would sh
As of her tongue she h

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINB